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Adam told me a joke. He asked me what you called a female brain surgeon. I knew it was a joke so I said "an exceptional person." No, he said. Fucking bitch. I wondered what he called me when he was with Gladys. He made a point of calling cigarettes "fags" when the three of us were together. After shift-change he'd say, "I think I'll have a fag." "You can have me," I'd say. Gladys always looked uneasy.

Once before shift-change they were discussing Karl. Gladys wondered how his girlfriend ever got him to shut up. Adam said Wanda probably sat on his face. Gladys laughed and was evidently about to tell some joke about tongues and other organs up ass-holes when she turned to me and asked me if I was gay. I said yes, thinking that there'd be no point in staying in the closet where someone like Gladys was concerned. I'd just have to put up with all kinds of homophobic remarks. It didn't matter that she was a fat ugly dike. Don't let anybody call her "girl" though.

Standing on the porch with Adam, during yet another cigarette break, he said women and gays had an advantage. I think he figured that if Gladys hadn't been a woman she'd have been fired years ago. As for himself, he was tall, blond, straight. Master race material.